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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Suck

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** Advertisements for

PUCK ON WHEELS!

Should be handed in before May 20th.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

SOMETHING has long weighed on our spirit with the depressing heaviness of a duty unperformed. While yet the boughs were bare, and the sparse trees of our arid city looked fewer and thinner even than they do now—somewhere back in the winter-time, we called the attention of the public to Mr. J. T. Wenman's little performance in Stuyvesant Square. Then Mr. Wenman unbosomed himself to a *Herald* reporter, and said that he cut down the beautiful big poplar trees because they threw out suckers and broke up the ancient walks, paved in 1811. This statement we thought unworthy of further notice; but Mr. Wenman's explanation of his reason for closing the Square just when it was most wanted—that we should have formally acknowledged at the time. It appears that the Park is shut up at sunset, out of deference to a provision in the will of a departed Stuyvesant, who had a tender regard for the health and morals of his fellow-citizen. Be it understood, of course, that we accept this explanation at its face value, and do not go behind the returns to find out in how far this old-time proviso is binding upon the present generation. We give Mr. Wenman credit for an even too conscientious devotion to the whim of the forgotten Stuyvesant, and withdraw our strictures upon him—in the matter of the sunset closing. For the trees we will not forgive him. Stuyvesant Park is the breathing place of unnumbered sick people and poor children, and the man who raises a hand to lessen, in any way, its beauty or its usefulness, takes a serious responsibility upon himself. Which suggests to us to ask Mr. Wenman what is the meaning of the men with theodolites, who have lately been peeping about the little squares like wolves reconnoitering previous to a dash upon the sheepfold.

The Parks will always be crowded by the stay-at-home poor; but there seems to be a fair prospect that during the coming season the regions to which the more comfortable classes resort for rest and recreation will be habitable by people who hate noise and crowds and vulgarity. The rush of travelers Europeward is said to be greater this spring than at any time since the old flush and foolish days before '73. This is a healthy blood-letting for our large watering-places. A few hotel-keepers will cry out; but the quiet and respectable citizen, on his summer vacation, will like Saratoga none the less that it does not look like a bediamonded extension of Chatham Street; and will certainly enjoy Newport much more if it is free from a mighty host of cheap imitation Englishmen, flown away for the season to see what the real article is like.

One hundred years hence, when the last of us now working or playing shall have stepped out into eternity; when the babe now kicking in his swaddling clothes shall be, perchance, a venerable curiosity, interviewed for the "longevity column" of our E. C. the *Sun*, (may its rays be then and ever bright!) when our clothes shall have turned into "costumes"—cherished antiques—when New York shall be a vast combination Paris-London-Vienna-Cincinnati—of which development it gives fair promise to-day—when, in short, a rounded century shall have gathered in its harvest of change—in the year 1980, we have no doubt that the descendants of Major-General Pettingill Battlegore will arise to demand a Military Court of Inquiry, to which the heirs and assigns of Major-General Sherman shall be summoned to defend the action of their revered ancestor in requesting the original Major-General Pettingill Battlegore to go to the rear during the bloody battle of Choctaw Cross-Roads, in 1863. Indeed, is it not absurd that in 1880, fifteen years after the close of our civil war, all the outraged heroes of the U. S. service should turn up with forgotten grievances to appeal against history in a wholly impotent way, and against the original judgement with more or less success? It is not difficult, perhaps, to get one's self *whitewashed*, officially; but at this date no reasonable man can expect to erase unpleasant spots from the historical record. We do not speak of the *merits* of any particular case—not of the Fitz-John Porter Case, nor of the Hammond Case, nor of the Warren Case. But, whether from the fault of the alleged sufferers, or from other causes, they have all "come tardy off;" and when it gets to Major-General Pettingill Battlegore, in 1980, this Court of Inquiry business will be simply ridiculous.

Mr. S. J. Tilden is evidently going to make a struggle—and a pretty severe struggle, too—to be President of the United States during the next four years. All his preparations have been made with judgement, and he is going to fight on the particular line he has marked out for himself if it takes all summer. There are many very worthy people in the Democratic party who do not like Mr. Tilden, and would be rejoiced if he would withdraw from the contest. But they can't help themselves, for Mr. Tilden is a Democratic hard fact—and there is too much burning jealousy among the afore-mentioned worthy Democrats to permit them boldly to repudiate Mr. Tilden and put up a better and a stronger man. What with his bar'l, and his fraud grievances, Mr. Tilden is literally the skeleton in the closet—which almost has the effect of making him a candidate in spite of himself.

This is not the case with General Grant. His third term candidacy is entirely in his own

hands, he could withdraw, if he chose, at a moment's notice. General Grant was not a good President. He was a bad President. His partisans point with pride to the *strong* government that he inaugurated, especially down South. It was a strong government bolstered with carpet bags and supported by bayonets, and Grant, if he had his own way, would like to be at it again on the same principle. The mild milk and watery wish-washy rustic Mr. Rutherford B. Hayes is usually credited with administering a weak government in the sweet South. It may be weak, but it is certainly a much more wholesome style of thing than anything that Grant could give in the event of his being unhappily hoisted into the White House for a third term.

When men are put into positions for which they are unfit, some one else is sure to suffer. Look at Mr. Thomas J. Dudley, Superintendent of the Building Department. According to his own showing, he's a peculiar sort of individual to have anything to do with passing judgement on the safety of buildings. If one of the beams in the roof of the Madison Square Garden had not been made in pieces, the horrible accident would not have happened. These wonderful inspectors of his knew that this deadly beam was being put up, thereby killing several persons and endangering the lives of many thousands more, and they were too criminally lazy to report it. "I think they are faithful men and did their duty," said Mr. Superintendent Dudley. That is to say, it was their duty not to report a wilful violation of architectural laws. But perhaps these men never thought anybody would be hurt—in that case they have shown themselves wretchedly incompetent. Mr. Superintendent Dudley and his corps of constructive undertakers should at once be relieved of their much too onerous duties, to make room for men who know something about the time it will take a building to fall which is a few feet more or less out of the perpendicular. The whole Department of Buildings should be reorganized—not however before Mr. Dudley and his Inspectors have been tried and punished for their crime. Who knows but that at this moment there are hundreds of structures with trembling walls ready to crush out of existence valuable human lives? And these death-traps have probably been pronounced safe by the Superintendent and his Inspectors. Mr. Dudley is, in his way, an infinitely more dangerous person than was ever Captain Williams in his worst clubbing fits.

Oilymargarine ought to be exceedingly obliged to us for the amount of free advertising we have given it. The following letter from Mr. Geo. T. Angell, member of the American Social Science Association, may be of interest to our readers:

THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE
 PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.
 BOSTON, MASS., May 7th, 1880.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I think a good ground to take is: You say your article is "vastly better than old-fashioned Butter," and you want to sell it "on its merits." Very well. Now take PUCK's advice—color it; and then we will help you get a law, with severe penalties, that nobody who makes Butter or Cheese from cow's milk shall pirate your color. Nobody shall be swindled into eating an article made simply of cow's milk, supposing that they are eating the "superior" article of your manufacture. I suppose you know that immense amounts of oily cheese are also manufactured—millions of pounds annually—in the United States.

Yours truly,

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CXXV.

WEDDING TRIP (Continued).—NIAGARA.



Ya-as, I have found myself in this aw wegion again, but this time undah verwy different auspices, because I am visiting the catarwacts with my de-ah wife while en route to Canadah. Going, ye know, to make a bwief sojourn with Lorne

and his wife—deucid polite of them to ask us aw. Jack has already gone there to make pweparwations for our weception.

A considerable time aw has elapsed since I was at Niagarwa, and I am fwee to confess that the wemarkable impwovement I observed in all the places I have wevisited applies in the same degwee to this aw place.

Quite awfully jolly, weally. Perwhaps there may be a slight dwawback he-ah, fwom the fact that a large majority of the visitahs are bwides and bwidegrooms, and a fellow aw doesn't like, as a wule, just aftah he's marwied and of a wetirwing disposition, to be constantly with othahs who have gone through the same operwation. Besides, it is just a twifle awkward faw the bwides to be stared at, and coming to such a wegulah wesort as this durwing the honeymoon has aw a slight flavah of the "Arwy" about it.

But I feel in such verwy excellent spirwits that I positively don't mind things which undah ordinarwy circumstances might be a terwific baw. The unpwecedented politeness and agweeableness of everwybody about Niagarwa are, 'pon my soul, quite surpwising. The dwivahs of the carriages are apparwently a very superwiah class of men, and the pwices faw twips about the neighborhood are extwemely weasonable. I can't understand how they manage to make any pwofit out of their twade—poor fellows.

There are a numbah of attwactions at these catarwacts, to inspect which fwom differwnt points of view one has to pay a certain pwice for admission. The pwice is quite twifling, and I am verwy much surpwised that any one should have dwreamt of gwumbling at it; but there are people, even Amerwicans, who will gwumble at anything. We only had to pay severw dollars to see the wapids fwom severw positions, and not verwy much more to make a pwopah examination of an arwangement called, I believe, the Cave of Borweas, where a verwy liberal supply of bweezes is constantly kept on hand. It is wathah wet, dwizzly and dwibbly he-ah, but my wife, who has been befaw to Niagarwa, and who is a bwave cweachah, did not appe-ah to mind the disagweeable surwoundings.

We visited a numbah of othah points verwy much on the showah-bath pwinciple, wight undah one of the catarwacts itself. The woadway was extwemely slippery, perwhaps dangerwous. Aw and we must have pwesented an awfully odd appearance, arwayed as we were in watah-pwoof aw oil-skin coats, twousahs, and ulstahs.

On the othah side of the rivah the Bwitish flag waves in the bweeze, because the gwound there belongs to Gweat Bwitain. It is aw called Canadah, and Lorne, it is generwally understood, is twying to govern the pwovince. He'll pwobably tell me more about when we arwive and gwatify him with a visit.

It isn't half bad, ye know, sitting in the moonlight with Mrs. Fitznoodle on the wivah bank, and watching the wainbow formed fwom

the spway of the wushing watah. It weconciles a fellow to matwimony.

Aw, by the way, I have weceived numerous congwatulations on the cleverness I displayed in answerwing in poetwy Mr. Victah Hugo Dusenburwy's verwy cweditable composition. Everwybody, it appe-ahs, has wead it with expwessions of appwoval aw.

A HOLLOW BOOM.

AT the corner of the street, a little clerk, going home to his dinner, stops, and looks into a jeweler's shop window. He is a poor, thin, oldish man, with a stubby beard and gray hair. His clothes are shabby; his hat is old. He holds a worn leather satchel in his hand. He stands there so long that another man comes up and watches him. Another comes along, and looks too. Then another man crosses the street. He knows one of the others, and the two make friends with the third. They all stand and watch the little clerk. Three make a crowd. A boy hurries up to see what the crowd is looking at. Two work-girls join them: the men come out of the bar-room across the way. By-and-by the neighbors along the street slip out of their houses; and strangers cannot go by. All look at the little clerk, and talk low to each other.

"What is he doing?" asks the second man of the first.

"He's looking at something," answers the second.

"What is that?" says the third man, who is deaf.

"He's looking for something," puts in the boy.

"What do they say?" whisper the girls.

"He's looking for someone?"

"Who is looking for someone?"

"The man."

"What's the matter?" a new-comer wants to know.

"He is looking for a man."

"What for?"

"Maybe to fight him."

"A fight?—Is it a fight?"

"Did he hurt him?"

"No, it was the other man that was hurt."

"Which was killed?"

"He was not killed: he drove him right into the house."

"Why doesn't he come out?"

"Coward!"

"He's too badly hurt."

"He doesn't look as if he could hit like that."

"He never hit him fair."

"He struck him with the bag."

"It was so heavy it knocked him right down."

"What's that they say about iron in the bag?"

"They say it's his burglar's tools."

"A burglar broke into the house down the street, last night."

"Did they catch him?"

"No—he killed the man of the house."

"What did he do?"

"He broke into the house and the man came out after him and he killed him, and the folks don't dare to come out and the constables are afraid of him and it's the second man he's killed to-day. Let's get away."

The jeweler comes out and puts up his shutters; the little old clerk goes home. He was looking at the gold rings: his dinner was in the leather bag.

A man may become frightful, strange and powerful, in other men's eyes, by keeping still and doing nothing.

General Grant knows this.

Puckings.

ONE OUT OF A HUNDRED—I see.

BILLINGS, who is on trial for the murder of his wife, has been called an uxoricide! Isn't that punishment enough?

LORD BEACONSFIELD must have utilized ex-Secretary Robeson during this gentleman's recent visit to Europe, judging by the \$20,000,000 extra expenses in the Afghan war.

OUR E. C. the *Sun*, in its report of the successful non-finding of the late Mr. A. T. Stewart's body, says that the "remains of the Stewart family will be deposited" in the mortuary chapel at Garden City. What remains, and where do they remain?

MESSRS. FRATE, DUNNAGE & Co., the well known commission merchants, have received bill-of-lading, consular certificate and invoice of one small English prince, marked "Leopold," shipped to New York per Allan Line, via Canada. Mr. Cyrus André Field is the fortunate consignee.

GREENWOOD, the late editor of the disorganized Tory oracle, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who recently gave away his own paper in a beautifully professional style, is a brother of Greenwood, the "Amateur Casual." We beg pardon for being so low and American in speaking of truly British subjects; but we are fain to remark that "freshness" seems to run in the Greenwood family.

NOW THAT the Turkish Legation is abolished, our friend Aristarchi Bey, so long an ornament to Washington and New York, the Oriental Sam Ward, the *viveur*, the first-nighter at the theatres, the promenader on Fifth Avenue, is thrown on his Imperial Ottoman beam-ends. But this is a country of vast possibilities, and there are many vocations open to Mr. A. Bey. He might canvass for Oilymargarine; he might assist Captain Williams in the Street-Cleaning Bureau; he might run for Alderman, or open a store on Broadway for the sale of Latakia tobacco and Turkey Rhubarb.

MR. LABOUCHERE, of the London *Truth*, is a very large bit of a snob. In speaking of the late Mr. Lincoln's having chaffingly called Mr. Hartington (Lord), Mr. Partington, he says it wasn't respectful of Mr. Lincoln to speak in such a way to a Cavendish. Who and what is a Cavendish? Is he any better, *ceteris paribus*, than a Smith, a Brown, a Jones, a Robinson, a Levy, or even a Labouchère. True, the Cavendishes may have taken care of their money and have kept up their influence in a political ring successfully, but why should they be entitled to adulation on this account?

WHAT WILL the True British Tory do now that he may no longer read in his beloved *Pall Mall Gazette*: "We cannot but view with disapprobation, if not, indeed, with feelings of lively dissatisfaction, the ill-advised and eminently undesirable measures which a turbulent and irresponsible Minority are endeavoring to force upon the consideration of Her Majesty's Government"? The T. B. T. must be quite positive that the country is rapidly going to the traditional dogs; and if the *Times* should happen to brighten up and become readable; and the *Saturday Review* should die of chronic sophomorphism, he would wrap his mantle of mediæval conservatism about him, and lie down to die before his native land could sink finally into irredeemable canine chaos.

PUCK ON WHEELS!

GEOMETRICAL.



TAN-GENT was Maria's love,
If color's any sign;
From Ham, who was saved in the ark,
He came in a straight line.

The circle, which embraced them both,
Thought both of them were fair,
Although her figure was quite plain,
And his was rather square.

He touched the deep chords of her heart,
He pierced it to its centre,
And quick she curved her haughty neck,
Whatever 'twas that bent her.

And though quite lofty was their sphere,
Through negrodom quick spread
The news two solids had been joined
When they were duly wed. ARTHUR LOT.

ON PUNCTUATION.

CONSIDERED FROM A WEST POINT OF VIEW.

LE *Procès-Verbal* sur l'Affaire Whittaker, recently instituted at West Point (casual mention of which has been made from time to time in the daily press), together with the Congressionally mooted proposition to put a full stop to the Military Academy altogether, very naturally excites public attention. Indeed, the subject matter has well-nigh come to be considered the Topic of the Period. The opinions of Commandant Schofield, sicklied over with the pale cast of General Order No. 14, and Associate Counsel Martin Townsend, of the far-reaching and much-seeing capital I, are, or ought to be, tolerably well known by this time.

These are, however, only individual opinions, which are taken, as given, for what they are worth. And values of this sort are, by common consent, set down as fictitious always. What the great, impartial, general public most desires just now is a keener insight into cause and effect at West Point—a clearer view of the fundamental principles of military training. For, when the innocent art of Punctuation reaches the finishing touch of ear-slitting, after a fashion peculiar to the South, is it any wonder curiosity should assume the *qui vive*, or calmer contemplation should like to know the reason why? We think not; and hence begin the investigation with a citation of the following preliminary

POINTS.

[.] The Comma is too insignificant to be considered at all at West Point—not even to the extent of a general belief in the state of *Coma*. This is apparent from the fact that Cadet Whittaker's pretended insensibility was only "shamming" from a W. P. Point of view.

[:] The original use of the Semicolon was to separate parts of compound sentences; but as such sentences are seldom, if ever, compounded at West Point, this point becomes naturally superfluous.

[:] The Colon is also discarded on account of even broader reasoning than that which applies to the Semicolon.

[.] The period has become entirely obsolete—in fact was never regarded as a point, either at West or any other Point within the legitimate jurisdiction of the United States Army, so far as grade, promotion or emolument are concerned. Hence the Congressional suggestion of putting a Period to the Military Academy itself excites, naturally, the most vigorous and determined opposition of the U. S. A., one and indivisible.

[—] The Dash is of practical value only as furnishing the requisite stuffing for the com-

monest sort of orthographical sandwiches, such as D—d after apostrophes to the Deity, H—l after the imperative mood of the verb Go, and similar examples. It is used also as an adjective qualifying the nouns Pleb, Cuss, Nigger and the like.

[?] The Eroteme, or Note of Interrogation, is not a favorite in military composition, chiefly because of the troublesome and disagreeable explanations its use involves. A great person once described it as "a little, crooked thing which asked questions." Anything that calls for information, even such a thing as a venerable United States District Attorney, is sure to be ignored in army circles, and is scarcely given a chance of asserting itself at West Point.

[!] The Ecphoneme, or Note of Exclamation, looks well enough at the end of reported great victories, in the event of actual hostilities on the Plains; but in piping times of peace, it serves only as a pattern for auricular designs in the doing-up of a colored Cadet. As a point, thus applied, its average estimation is not high, and those who avail themselves of its use on rare occasions will never admit the fact afterwards. It will probably be entirely dispensed with in future.

[()] The Curves, or Marks of Parenthesis, are used to distinguish a hint that is hastily thrown in between the parts of a sentence; but as the authorities at West Point never will, or can, take a hint on any subject, either straight to the point or curved to suit the occasion, these characters, like a good many others, have fallen into disfavor. Refractory colored Cadets who cannot take a hint—to vacate—and profit by its significance, are treated after another fashion. [See remarks on the Ecphoneme.]

[—] The Hyphen is carefully avoided on account of its connecting relations. West Point does not sanction any conjunctive connection between the adjectives White and Black. It is an established rule which has no exception whatever.

[~] The Brace is not permitted at the Military Academy proper—except in private, among officers of high grade, and then only in the seclusion of locked doors and drawn curtains; but it can be found in quantities and qualities to suit Cadet customers at Ryan's Hotel, hard by, and may there be taken with impunity and a little sugar, if desired. It is surmised that considerable bracing-up was essential for carrying into execution the supposed midnight attack upon so—strong—a colored force as Cadet Whittaker.

[¶] The Paragraph is used chiefly in the Bible, and consequently has little to do with West Point Education. A text-book that teaches any such nonsense as "love thy neighbor" and "do unto others as you would have others do unto you," would never do in military science. Not much! Besides the Bible is an old-fashioned work, and contains too many unhappy examples of those who have perished by their own chosen weapon—be the aforesaid weapon a sword or a convenient pair of scissors.

[“ ”] The Guillemets, or Quotation Marks, have long since ceased to be of use, inasmuch as scarcely anything worthy of quotation ever emanates from West Point.

[* *] The Asterism is now only employed to represent the shoulder-strap of a Major-General, the wearers of which are fortunately few and exceptionally far between. For further particulars inquire of Major-General Schofield, Commandant of the Military Academy.

Other branches receiving attention and promulgation at West Point may be considered at a future time.

SHAKSPERE STUDIES.

ROMEO AND JULIET—ACT II.

SHE asks Romeo to do the rite thing. — [Sc. 2.]

FROM her soul she offers: "All my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay," and gives herself to boot. — [Sc. 2.]

ROMEO was her bird in the bush.— [Sc. 2.]

IT was necessary for Friar Lawrence to be up at day break to find out that "a drunkard reels forth from day's pathway, made by tight 'un's wheels."— [Sc. 3.]

THE true inwardness of that cell discovers itself in such expressions as: "Be playin' good son." "We pass." "What a deal!" "I stand." — [Sc. 3.]

LAWRENCE must have done a wholesale business, as he used "weeds" by the "bale full." — [Sc. 3.]

THE good father reconciles passion and early hours in the conclusion that, "Young men's love then lies in their rise."— [Sc. 3.]

ROMEO having run mad with his first love, Mercutio thinks he will sure unmad with his second.— [Sc. 4.]

THE lover is "stabbed with a white wench's black eye." To tickle one with a rapier is quite an unpleasant familiarity, but here was an optickle thrust.— [Sc. 4.]

A LOVE song written on the "heart clef" was a Verona novelty.— [Sc. 4.]

MERCUTIO's invective against Tybalt closes with the misprinted exclamation: "O, their bons, their bons." Read "bones" and the sense becomes painfully clear.— [Sc. 4.]

THE herring roe is not the rose of Juliet's melting line.— [Sc. 4.]

MERCUTIO calls a lady a "wench" wenchy displeases him.— [Sc. 4.]

"A MAN may stray in courtesy," is the proper reading, not, "strain courtesy."— [Sc. 4.]

AFTER their joking-match and a laughing-match, Romeo proposes to Mercutio that they "cry a match."— [Sc. 4.]

THAT Peter was a fanny character.— [Sc. 4.]

ONE of Romeo's vagaries was a proposed change in the order of the alphabet. "I will follow U."— [Sc. 4.]

WHEN Peter affirms, "I dare draw as soon as another," his mind was on his monthly wages, rather than wages of battle.— [Sc. 4.]

THE preparations to reach Juliet's chamber required the assistance of the nurse and a ladder, too, but he gets roped in.— [Sc. 4.]

THE old nurse seems less concerned for love's sake than for her bones' ache.— [Sc. 5.]

"I WOULD thou hadst my bones," Juliet was wrong in offering thus to fee-so-illogical a person.— [Sc. 5.]

THE season had now advanced to Indian summer: the Friar, in remarking on the weather, speaks of the "summer air, and yet not fall." — Sc. 6. JOHN ALBRO.

PUCK ON WHEELS!

DOG SHOW DESIGNS, FROM A HUMAN STANDPOINT.



Our friend the Spitz might be as well
An Imitation English Swell.



In the Bull Pup's defiant face
A Bowery Butcher we may trace.



The Greyhound's lanky lines may best
An Old Maid's features sharp suggest.



The King-Charles might be taken for
A Vassar College Sophomore.



The Poodle's face does but burlesque
An Artist, wildly picturesque.

PRACTICAL MECHANICS.

HE was a perky, little, thin old gentleman with an inquisitive nose surmounted by obtrusive spectacles and used to come in Jim Budson's shop to show off his scientific knowledge of mechanics. He was heavy on such words as "altitude," "specific gravity" and "puttynoose." (That's the way Jim spelled it, one day.)

He bored the hands with his angles of innocence and reflection, cube roots, equivalents and another one he called impinge, whatever that is.

There was a small, single-wheel pulley just over Jim's head, and Old Nosey got into an argument one day to prove that the strongest man could raise no more than his own weight from the floor by means of a rope over that pulley. Jim then agreed to stand directly under the pulley and raise two hundred pounds from the floor, his own weight being one-hundred-and-eighty. It resulted in a bet and the trial was to come off at the close of work hours next night.

At the time named the scientific genius appeared. There stood Jim with a small rope in his hand which traveled around the pulley wheel, descended to the floor and was there attached to four "fifty-sixes." The little man examined the weights and pronounced them all right, but said nothing of Jim's throwing in twenty-four extra pounds. Jim never budged an inch. Little Nosey gave Jim a final warning of the impossibility of his attempt; offered to compromise on the bet; told him that to win he, Jim, would have to bust old science into smithereens; that action and reaction were equal; that but for the law which Jim was trying to violate the world would scoot off like a balloon into —.

Just here Jim began to pull down on the rope; he gradually straightened; his legs and arms seemed to grow longer; the weights swung clear from the floor. A spasm or two of strength and the mass moved up toward the ceiling!

The philosopher was horror-struck; he gave a hasty glance at the weights, another at Jim and rushed into the outer shop exclaiming

"lost, lost, lost!" That night the hands had a keg of beer. The loser would not stay to share it nor has he ever been into the shop since. But, had he quietly looked in there an hour after closing time that same night, he might have got a new wrinkle in practical mechanics, for there was Jim with a screwdriver, releasing his heavy shoes which had been—screwed to the floor. JOHN ALBRO.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

In union's strength our rulers find
When for the loaves they yearn;
When Arthur has an axe to grind,
Then Kelly's glad to turn.

HOME RULE.

Gladstone has won, but who can tell
How soon he'll have to squelch Parnell?
That Fenian crew would rile a saint;
And this seems now their whole complaint,
They must for laws to London roam,
And cannot have their fights at home.

VICE VERSA.

In the "Child of the State" high the agony's piled,
But mothers care more for the state of the child.

ON DIT.

Loud comes the Democratic cry:
"Ohio's favorite son is Thurman!"
But quick Republicans reply:
"Ohio's favorite son is Sherman!"

A. L.

ETIQUETTE A LA MILITAIRE.

GENERAL SHERMAN takes exception, with some umbrage thrown in, to the mooted insinuation that Army Officers, generally and individually, are subject to Negrophobia, or any other disorder resembling it, and cites in proof the statement that, at West Point some time since, he himself actually "shook hands with Flipper." Which is a flip-pant way of putting it, to say the least, for the Viceregent of Mars on earth! The Flipper referred to holds the commission of Lieutenant in the United States Army by the same authority and with as good a right as Sherman holds another of higher grade. Why not "Lieut." Flipper, then, O Pink of Propriety! How would General-in-Chief Sherman relish the official greeting of "Old Tecumseh"—"Big Indian," or something of that sort? Lord Somebody-or-other, who commanded King George's excursionists in Colonial days, once addressed by letter a somewhat famous revolutionary rioter as "Mr. George Washington." And what did General George Washington, who could no more pocket an affront than tell a lie, do about it? Why, sent it to the Dead Letter Office, of course! General George was not only right then, but was President afterwards—which is, perhaps, more than we shall ever say of General Sherman. Fancy General and Gentleman G. Washington alluding to a brother officer as "Flipper!" We doubt if he ever addressed his own colored body-servant—the same who had died 127 times at last accounts—with so little regard for *la politesse*. Even the sanguinary Blaine, full of strange oaths and bearded like a "pard," was not wholly lost to the proper thing, etiquettically speaking, for it is related that when visiting West Point during Lieut. F's purgation period, he most kindly and considerately greeted the ostracised Cadet with, "Flipper, give us your flipper—I'll be your friend!" Here is "magnetic" sympathy for you, after the Leyden jar fashion. Surely the urbanities of life are beautiful—in the abstract: in the exact, especially where a colored dissimilarity of cuticle interposes, they are equally rare!

PUCK ON WHEELS!

DON'T READ THIS.

"THAT man," said the keeper, throwing wide open a heavy iron grating, the clangor of which resounded and echoed through the stone corridors, "that man," he said, pointing a brass key towards an abject looking dolt who coddled himself in the corner of the cell, "is the worst species of idiot known to this asylum!"

"Who is he?" I asked concernedly.

"An American juror," the keeper made answer sadly. "That stage of the malady is the worst of all, for it is the only one which is absolutely incurable."

"Is there no hope?" I asked.

"None whatever. It is the form of idiocy beside which all others pale. See here," he said, pointing to some writing on the wall, "this is a transcript from the asylum Register."

Name of candidate _____

Occupation—Serving on juries.

Type of malady—Virulent.

Encouraging symptoms—None.

By whom committed—Judge of the Court.

Remarks—He made a specialty of Coroner's cases.

I lingered at the door a little.

"I don't know nothing about nobody. I never read the papers. I have no opinions. Never had any. I am eligible," he murmured mechanically.

"Can I speak to him?" I asked.

"Yes," said the keeper as he walked on. I approached the poor fellow compassionately. I sympathized with him and asked his confidence.

"Well, you see," said the juror, "I have about struck level. I am happier here than in the Courts, because I have no rivalry. The others feel for me. It is not often that a juror is so well understood. You see, the system of American jurisprudence is peculiar. It exacts that those who pass in judgment on the conduct of others should know nothing themselves. If they do, they are ineligible. Few men in this country will do. The type is not national. Jurymen who fulfill the requirements are hard to find. A thoroughly sane, sensible man is not, of course, accepted. A man who has been sane, but has ceased to be, will not do, because at some time he has had brains. A man who has been born an idiot will not do either, for there is a legal presumption that one in this condition might recover his senses. It is necessary, in a word, to get a man who knows nothing, who never has known anything, and who is unwilling to learn. Such a one am I. I sat as a juror as soon as I was of age. I used to average, in good times, five days' work a week. I was in constant demand. No evidence was too clear for me not to misunderstand. If it was possible to decide a thing wrong, I was able to do it instinctively. If it was not possible, we used to disagree. The other jurors were all like myself. None of them ever knew anything. We used to hate the newspapers. We tried to see how little information we could have. When one of us got a few ideas he felt strangely. But then he would talk to the others and soon his ideas were gone."

"How did this affect you outside?"

"Peculiarly. In our own affairs we acted sensibly. But when we got into the jury-box all this would change. We would do odd things. For instance, a man would be arrested for highway robbery. He would plead guilty, and the judge would make his charge. Then we would retire. After a little talk inside the foreman would say: 'Who knows the evidence?' We would all shake our heads. Then the foreman would send out for instructions, and perhaps for a piece of the stolen property. Then one of us would get up and say: 'Highway robbery be—. How do we stand on bigamy?' A vote would be taken, and we would be 7 to 6—a vote too much. Then we would investigate who cast the extra vote, which would take till dinner. After dinner we would resume voting on the question of bigamy, and stand say 6 to 6. The judge would reprimand and discharge us. We would draw our pay and go home. If a prisoner pleaded guilty, we were sure either to disagree or to acquit him. If he pleaded not guilty, we would be out longer. In Coroner's cases, however, a jurymen is at his best. We had strange verdicts. I remember one case in particular. Two men had a row in the street. We heard all the evidence, and returned a verdict of 'Petty Larceny, with intent to commit suicide.' At another time we had an arson case where the evidence of premeditation was clear. We returned this verdict: 'Guilty of receiving stolen goods, under promise of marriage. On the Grand Jury once, of which they made me foreman, I moved the indictment of a man for murder with the intent to kill. The District Attorney was so delighted that he got me promoted to the panel of one of the higher courts. Those were great times! We kept the lawyers busy and made their business good. We impeded all the cases of criminals. We enraged the judges. We made so many mistakes that the number of Courts had to be increased, and litigants multiplied rapidly. No guilty man was insecure, no innocent man safe. It was wonderful how we used to get things mixed. The clearer a case was, the surer a mistake was. I got so expert at last that I could hear the whole evidence and decide just the same as if I didn't know a word about it. For a jurymen this is something of an achievement."

"One time, I remember, we decided in succession twenty-two cases, everyone of which had to be appealed. But the lawyers liked it, and didn't want to have cases tried before any one else. One time eleven men had been chosen, and one more was needed to complete the jury. Another man and myself remained. The man was asked: 'Do you know anything about any point whatsoever?' 'I do not!' he responded. I was asked the same question. 'I don't know

whether I know anything.' 'That man,' said the Judge, 'is the most ignorant of the two, we will accept him.'

"This was in my earlier days. I was just beginning my career."

"We were good at assessing damages. We would generally pitch pennies. In a big will case each juror threw down a penny. There would generally be about six 'heads.' The roll would be called alphabetically, and each man who had a 'head' would name a figure. Then each man who didn't have a 'head' would name a figure and the difference would be the verdict."

\$8	4	9	9	0	1
\$7	2	6	9	4	1
\$1	2	3	0	6	0

"If this was too much, or too little, we would go on pitching till it was about right."

"When there was any conflict of testimony we would decide in favor of the man who seemed to be wrong. I suppose that about one-tenth of the time I voted as I would have outside of the jury-room; but this was in every case unintentional. We used to draw our pay very promptly."

"Then you used to like the occupation?"

"Yes, indeed. Taking one consideration with another, the juror's lot's a very happy one."

"But what brings you here?" I asked with unconcealed concern and curiosity. "I should think the courts could hardly spare you."

"As a rule they cannot. If all the idiots were sent to asylums, there would be no jurymen. But my case is exceptional. Some time ago a farmer was driving a cow along a railroad track, contrary to ordinance. The engineer whistled but the cow paid no attention and was killed. The farmer, a very litigious man, and one who had been himself a juror several times, brought suit for \$350 damages for the loss of the cow. The case was tried, and, though perfectly clear—I am not now speaking as a juror, but as a man—there was a disagreement. It was tried three times afterwards—in every case with the same result. Finally the railroad company, becoming enraged at such stupidity, hired, for the fifth trial, a lawyer of national eminence, who summed up the case so clearly that there could be no mistake possible. 'This corporation, by its agent, did the most that the Law exacts. It signalled to the cow. The claim here made is preposterous, and if it had been before men, instead of donkeys, would have been dismissed long ago.' 'Well,' said a juror, rising to his feet, 'was the whistle ample notice?' 'It was,' responded the counsel, 'and besides the engineer rang his bell.' 'So did the cow!' said the juror. And we found a verdict for the farmer without leaving our seats. I was that juror. And it is because of my speech on that occasion that official cognizance was taken of my supreme and pre-eminent idiocy and that I am in an asylum now!"

CANINE CULTIVATION.



THE LARGE AND SMALL PRIZE DOGS AT THE DOG SHOW OF THE FUTURE.

* * *
The keeper got back from his round as these last words were spoken: "The law is impartial, you see," he said, "it is fair in its workings. One class of its imbeciles it supports in idleness, the other class it utilizes in the jury-room at a dollar and fifty cents a day."

ERNEST HARVIER.

THE THEATRES.

Miss Minnie Palmer has "A Boarding School" at the SAN FRANCISCO MINSTREL'S OPERA HOUSE. It is not a very artistic or well-arranged boarding-school, but it is quite amusing and stupid enough for this kind of weather.

We are much gratified to be enabled to announce the continued success of Messrs. Ford, McCaull and Cellier's refined enterprise at their BIJOU OPERA HOUSE. "The Spectre Night" was produced last night, and shall be duly noticed in our next.

The supplementary season at DALY's has commenced with the Salisbury Troubadours in "The Brook." Breathes there a man with a soul so dead who doesn't know that the Troubadours brook it in a becoming spirit as genial as it is acceptable.

KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL celebrated its centenary last week to an overflowing house, at least that is what it will do in another ninety-nine years. What we referred to was its anniversary, and Mr. Rudolf Bial and his orchestra gave a suitable musical bill of fare in honor of the event.

On Monday and Tuesday Miss Neilson appeared in the "Hunchback" and "Twelfth Night" at BOOTH'S THEATRE. Saturday evening she will show how easy it is to marry a gardener's son when he became a colonel in the French army, which his name is *Claude Melnotte*.

Mr. Denner's adaptation or translation of Mr. George Hoey's "A Child of the State" is meeting with remarkable favor, but not more than it deserves. The acting of Emily Rigl and Lester Wallack is especially admirable. The play is interesting and emotional, with picturesqueness and romance pervading it.

There is a strong team at HAVERLY'S THEATRE. In the first place, there is the wonderful ambidextrous prestidigitateur, Hermann, the pantomimic artists, the Onofri Brothers, Val Vose, the ventriloquist, and the Lorellas, the grotesque dancers. Mr. Hermann's conjuring feats are equal to anything that has ever been done here.

The Weathersby-Goodwin Froliques, in "Hobbies," are still at the STANDARD, and apparently doing that description of business that opens up vistas to managers of retiring into private life on a large and comfortable competency. How can we think otherwise when "money is refused and crowds are turned away nightly."

There is a sort of fascination about Mr. Denman Thompson's *Joshua Whitcomb*, now being played at Mr. Abbey's PARK THEATRE, which keeps the spectator glued to his seat, in order to watch the delicate shades and phases of this most original character. There is nothing in the play itself; it is all the natural, bucolic old son of the soil.

"Hazel Kirke," at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE has passed its hundredth performance. We should not be surprised to find all the theatres in the country were being fitted with double stages and exquisitely embroidered drop-curtain. Phoenix-like from its ashes has the latter risen again to delight the eye and gladden the heart by its chasteness.

Nearly the whole of the dramatic critics of New York have at last tumbled to the idea conveyed by Mr. G. H. Jessop in "A Gentleman from Nevada," and have discovered that it was quite unnecessary to treat it from the same critical standpoint as "Hamlet" and "Riche-lieu." The play is drawing large audiences to the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, the best proof possible of its amusing and popular character.

It needed the keenness of a woman—and an actress at that—to discover how a mother

and daughter and a father and son could each and all be of the same age without clashing with any social usage or destroying the seriousness of a play. The solution of this is to take dramatic form, most appropriately, in Boston, where, as it is known, every second house is a corner. The name of the actress who has made the discovery, and proposes to play in it, is Marie Prescott.

LITERARY AND JOURNALISTIC NOTES.

There is nothing very striking in the May number of the *North American Review*, but it is a good number, for all that.

The *Turner Falls Reporter* is growing apace. Its new Spring suit is consequently larger to the extent of a column a page to correspond with its rapid growth.

The latest *Brentano's Monthly*, a magazine devoted to sporting matters, is before us. It contains the usual number of intelligent articles on the turf, fishing, yachting, bicycling, etc.

"Her Majesty the Queen," a romance by J. Esten Cooke, is a story told in an agreeable manner. The scene is laid in England in the middle of the seventeenth century, and consequently treats of the stirring events of that period and the execution of Charles the First. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, are the publishers.

Letts's "Popular Atlas," of which we have received the first monthly part, is absolutely one of the cheapest and best publications of the kind ever published. The plates are engraved on steel in the most effective style. The price of each part is 14 cents. It is a publication of Perfidious Albion, Messrs. Letts, Son & Co., limited, of London being responsible for it.

The *National Quarterly Review* for April contains two hundred and sixty-four pages of essays and criticisms. Among its articles are "The Clerical Question in France," by "Un de la Gauche;" "Observations on the Physics and Metaphysics of Light," by one of the editors, Mr. David A. Gorton, M. D.; "American Mines and Mining Interests," by Richard J. Hinton, and "The Third Term Question," by Matthew Hale, of Albany.

May 2d was a great day for the *Wheeling Leader*. It was its sixth birthday, and, accordingly to an eminently veracious report which appeared in this particularly plethoric issue, two or three dozen of the leading "funny men" of the country made prose and poetical speeches at the Apician banquet which took place in honor of the important event. PUCK would willingly have contributed some of his marvellous eloquence on the occasion, but he was too busy getting out his summer book, PUCK ON WHEELS, to find the necessary time even to serve such a particularly E. C. as the *Wheeling Leader*.

A WEST POINT GRADUATE IN THE OILYMARGARINE BUSINESS.

PITTSBURGH, May 6th.

Your Oilymargarine is become rancid. Try your wit on something else, if the supply is not completely exhausted.

And further: Why are your West Point jokes peculiarly dilapidated?

Because there is no "point" in them—west or otherwise.

However, you may be excusable; folks with extra long ears naturally feel that the assault on Whittaker's may lead to setting the fashion.

JOHN MCKEE.

PUCK ON WHEELS!

MR. JAY GOULD'S LIBRARY.

A REALLY CAPITAL INVESTMENT.

THE account in the *World* of last Friday, of Mr. Gould's library, is entirely wrong. We cannot understand how a journal so well informed as our E. C. usually is could have been led into such gross errors.

Mr. Jay Gould, it is true, has a collection of books, but they are not those mentioned in the *World*. Far from it. We think that the reporter must have got hold of a loose leaf out of the catalogue of the Astor Library, instead of the actual Gould list.

Of course it is PUCK's business to rectify the mistake and to put Mr. Jay Gould, the *World*, and everybody else right in the eyes of the public.

"Lyndhurst," on the Hudson, is Mr. Gould's new home, and the library is quite in keeping with the general ornamentation, chasteness and elegance of the mansion. The principal books which grace the shelves are works on Bull-Baiting, Bear-Hunting, and Shark-Catching; there is also a fine edition of Dante's "Purgatorio;" the "Paradiso" is wanting, and the seller told Mr. Gould he would get the "Inferno" later.

Others are:

Confidence, by Henry James, Jr.
Practical Stock-Watering, with a few remarks on Lanib-Slaughtering.
The Eriepressible Conflict.
Life of Jim Fisk.
The Complete Monte-Player.
A Treatise on Scooping In.
The Etiquette of Knavery.
Guide to Crib-Cracking.
Humors of Petty Larceny.
How to Have Good Hands at Cards.
The Extradition Laws.
How to Burgle Successfully.
Life of Claude Duval.
Life of Dick Turpin.
Legal Opinions, by D—d Field. 21 vols. folio.

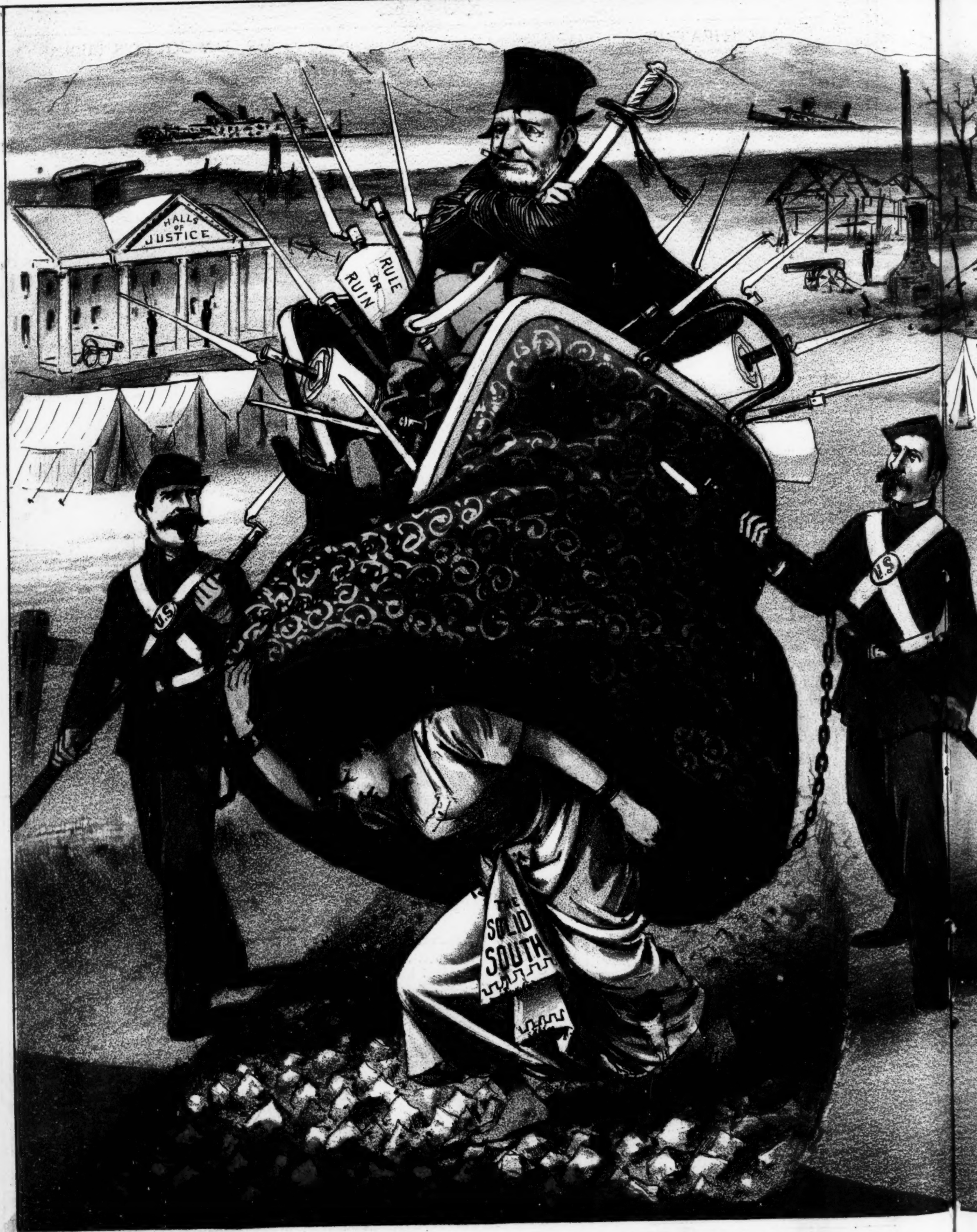
Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—Tell her about "PUCK ON WHEELS."

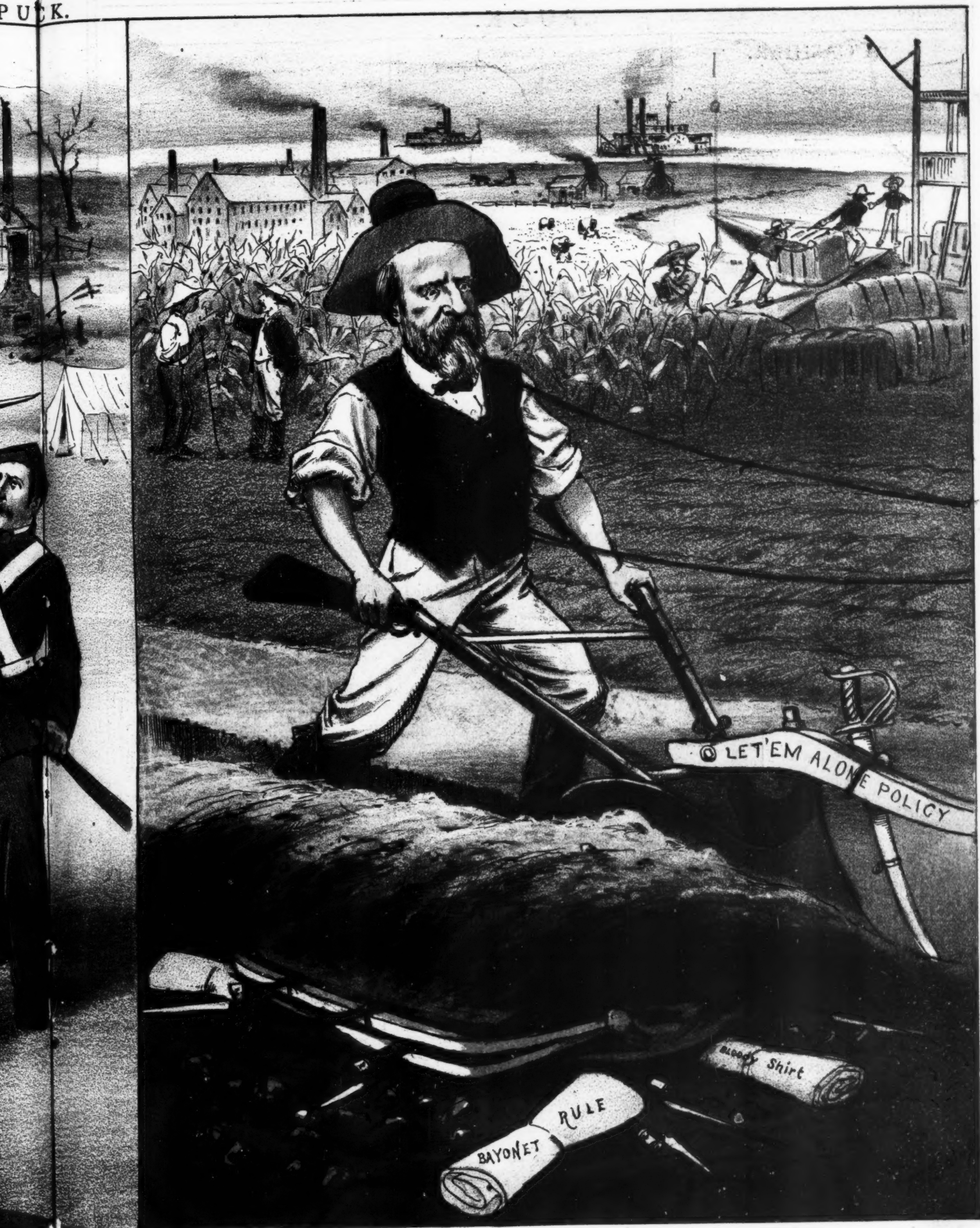
WILSON WYSE.—So you have a little capital, and want to put it into journalism—want to start a paper, do you? Well, put it into journalism. If you are smart and careful, you may be able to make it last until the soup-houses open next fall.

M. L. T.—Is there room on our staff for you? There is. But our staff was, in the days of its giddy youth, a baseball bat, and it is very rarely that the casual humorist cares to stay long on it when our receiving editor gets a fair swing and conscientiously strives to raise the visitor zenithwards.

A COCKNEY SUBSCRIBER.—So you think that, because there are frauds and flaws in the administration of the Government of the United States, it is any more reasonable to dress a beadle in gold-lace and colored cloth, or to support an idle, expensive and commonplace old person at the head of the British Empire, do you? Is that your style of logic? If it is, you are of very little use to your own country or to ours. The men who are wanted, in either nation, as citizens or as subjects, are the men who can see what is wrong in public affairs, regret, and try to right it. Bigoted and blinded partisans are simply political nuisances, whether here or three thousand miles away. You are a Cockney; therefore you are an Anglo-Saxon, and have a right to an heritage of brains. Think these remarks over, and see if there is not something better for you to do than to abuse pseudonymously everyone who says things that do not seem to you, at first sight, correct.



THE "STRONG" GOVERNMENT 1869-1877.



THE "WEAK" GOVERNMENT 1877-1881.

A CASHIER.

PERSONS.

J. WILKINSON BRIGGS, of Briggs & Brownjohn, Bankers.
SMALLWEED BOOM, Cashier.

SCENE.—Parlor in the Banker's House.



BRIGGS [seated.]

ORD! The audacity—the unparalleled whachu-maycallem—it—it lays away over me. Here's a son-in-law to make a parent's heart leap with joy! [waving letter wildly about his head] Here's

a letter to write to a father-in-law—and the president of five insurance companies and a savings-bank. Bless my soul! [reads.] "Dear Pop-in-law"—"Pop-in-law!" Do I look like a Pop-in-law? [reads.] "I like to have things on a business basis. If I marry your daughter I want to be decently set up in biz."—"Set up in biz!" I knew he wa'n't a professor, exactly; but I did think he had some education [reads]. "Make it \$100,000 even, and I'll say done. You see, your daughter has reached her majority, and if I put her up to demanding an account of her little trust-fund—there'll be circus." Did I ever write to my father-in-law like that? No, sir! I married an orphan. I'm agoing to write a letter to that young man that'll give him some idea of style: "P. Frank Slapjar, Esquire—Dear Sir: In the first place, I must beg you, in your further intercourse with me, not to continue your tone of offensively familiar promiscuousness. In the second place, it is \$75,000 and my daughter—or no daughter, no cash. Your very humble servant, J. Wilkinson Briggs." Something like that. "Offensively familiar promiscuousness"—he won't strike a phrase of that elegance, in a hurry. "No cash" is kinder abrupt; but you've got to lower yourself down to the level of a man like that. Wants to scare me by getting my daughter to ask for her accounting, does he? I believe it's a conspiracy between 'em. A girl I've given up everything for! Why, I've kept her away at school five years, though it most broke my heart—just for her own good. That's the way your children treat you.—Who's that?

Enter, unobtrusive and knock-kneed, SMALLWEED BOOM.

Who are you, anyway?

BOOM.

I beg your p-p-pardon—Mr. B-B-Briggs I presume?

BRIGGS.

Briggs you presume right. Now who am I to presume you are?

BOOM.

Beg a th-th-th-thousand pardons—I-I-I've got my card somewhere—yes—no—[feels for card and cannot find it.] I'm sure—I must have it—only I c-c-c-can't f-f-find it.

BRIGGS.

Never mind the card—what's your name?

BOOM [desperately.]

One m-m-m-minute, sir. Maybe I p-put it in another p-pocket.

BRIGGS.

Ah-h-h! Who wants your card. Gimme your name, I can hear it just as well as I can read it.

BOOM.

Of c-course, sir. I don't doubt it—I don't d-d-doubt it for a m-moment. Only I th-thought you might like a c-c-card better.

BRIGGS.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

BOOM [in agony].

B-B-Bib—Ba—Ba—Ba—Boom! [heaves an extensive sigh of relief, and mops his heated brow.]

BRIGGS [astonished].

Boom!

BOOM.

Boom, sir—S-Smallweed Boom.

BRIGGS.

Boom? That's no name.

BOOM.

P-Pardon! I regret to s-s-s-say it is.

BRIGGS.

What Boom? Boom for what? whose Boom?

BOOM.

Nobody's Boom, sir. A rambling B-Boom

BRIGGS.

Sir, I was at school too—in my infancy. But I never display the fact.

BOOM.

I'll get right on. Mr. Briggs, has L-Love ever shed his sweet b-benison over your l-life?

BRIGGS.

He has, sir, from time to time.

BOOM.

You're very l-lucky.

BRIGGS.

I am. Get on.

BOOM.

I wish to t-t-t-tell you, sir—

BRIGGS [rising].

I wish to tell you, sir, that it's twenty-five minutes past nine, and I've got an engagement at ten. I give you just three minutes [watch in hand] thirty-three seconds.

BOOM [staggering feebly].

N-now you're roughing me again. It always goes to my head. [He drops into a chair.]

BRIGGS.

Now, look here, young man, you ain't going to be sick here, are you?

BOOM.

I'm f-f-fainting!

BRIGGS [with wrathful dignity].

Now, you just light out! Exit!

Travel! Eliminate yourself!

Git!

BOOM [faintly, but reproachfully].

You d-d-don't know me!

BRIGGS.

I'm blessed if I do!

BOOM.

B-But—I'm—

BRIGGS.

I don't care who you are. Scat!

BOOM [very feebly].

I'm—your c-c-c-cash—cash—cash—[with one terrible effort] cashier!

BRIGGS [astounded].

You—my cashier! You!

BOOM [picking up a little].

I'm your new c-cashier. Mr. B-Brownjohn engaged me this m-morning. D-Didn't he tell you?

BRIGGS [with decision].

No, he did not! [Examining him] Well, Brownjohn has got a taste, that's all I can say.

BOOM.

You're very k-kind, sir.

BRIGGS.

Just let's have a look at you. Well, I must you are a kinder—unexpected. I heard of you; but I don't seem to have quite got the hang of your general style. I was looking for something a little more—well, a leetle less—that is—

BOOM [calmly].

One is apt to g-get mistaken impressions th-th-that way.

BRIGGS [abruptly].

Who's your hatter?

BOOM.

I've f-f-forgotten.

BRIGGS.

Bless my soul! Where did Brownjohn get that—rooster?

BOOM [hurt].

Sir, I'm n-n-not a—a—rooster.

BRIGGS.

Why, you limp cuss! You are a picture! No spine—no sand—and then them pants!—no grip—no git up and git—no enterprise.

BOOM.

D-Don't be too hard on my t-trousers, I b-bought 'em n-n-n-n-new!

[To be continued.]



BOOM.

I beg your p-p-pardon—Mr. B-B-Briggs, I presume?

of f-f-f-fatality—a hopeless, hapless B-Boom of Doom!

BRIGGS [surveying him].

Oh, you are, are you? Well, suppose you just boom right along with your business, my friend.

BOOM.

W-W-W-With pleasure—only—I—I—you—I f-f-find it very d-difficult to exp-p-press myself.

BRIGGS [dryly].

So I see.

BOOM [mopping his brow].

I'm afraid I b-b-bother you.

BRIGGS [frankly].

You do, my friend, you do.

BOOM.

Th-thank you. I c-c-cant help it. I was always j-just that way. At s-s-s-school—

BRIGGS.

Skip the school.

BOOM [piteously].

D-D-Don't rough me, sir. I can't stand it!

PUCK ON WHEELS!

TIP ME SOFTLY.

SONG OF THE PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATIVE ROOSTER.



TIP me softly and speak me low!
 Spotters have ever a vigilant ear.
 What's your game with the subscriber?
 Is t square or queer?
 Tip me softly and speak me low.
 Tip me softly and speak me low!
 How much rhino to put down clear?
 First-class roosting isn't dear—
 Oh, no—not here!
 Tip me softly and speak me low.
 Tip me softly and speak me low!
 Steal or subsidy?—never fear—
 It's one and the same to the roostereer!—
 He doesn't keer!—
 Tip me softly and speak me low. BEGUM.

MR. EPHRAIM MUGGINS ON OILYMARGARINE.

HIS SPEECH

Before the Society for the Encouragement of Domestic Comfort at their Annual Banquet.

MR. PRESIDENT and other fellers! I rise to thank you for the great honor which I have conferred upon you by my presence on this instantaneous—I mean monotonous—occasion. I had many other duties to discharge, both as President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Insects, and as an active member of the Married Men's Society for the Encouragement of Moderation, but I generously put all other considerations aside, and came here, not so much on account of the honor thus conferred, as the unexpected opportunity of getting something good to eat.

Who is Ole O'Margarine? Three thousand years ago she was unknown to the pages of history; and where is she to-day?

Look at the Brooklyn Bridge, for instance. Does Ole O'Margarine obstruct navigation? Is there an era in all the history of science in which the bright and glittering effulgence of the translucent beams, that—of the—ah—lucent beams—I mean streams—ah—h'm—well, I think so myself.

When Butter was first discovered they used to churn it in the cow, by racing her around the political arena of those days till the lacteal fluid was congealed, when they would kill the cow and scoop out the Butter. This was expensive, and made the Berghs of those days a lot of trouble. Then, later on, the churn was invented, which made Butter cheaper and more plentiful. Then, still later on, they pressed dogs and other machinery into the dairy service; and, more later on still, the farmers got to making Butter out of pump water and chalk, and mashed potatoes, and parsnips, and carrots, and glue, and putty, and a sprinkle of hair, to keep all together and to make it look natural.

Then the farmers got rich, and proud, and independent, and obstinate, and refused to vote the Dem O'Cratic ticket, and the lurid skies of our national constitution forshadowed the portentous proximity of another rebellious rumpus.

At this happy and inauspicious moment, a courageous farmer in New Jersey, who grasped the situation in one hand and a gleaming butcher-knife in the other, while engaged in the pacific avocation of dissecting a goat, discovered Oilymargarine!

He jumped about nine hundred feet for joy. It had never before struck him that because Oilymargarine is made of goat's lard, and because a goat is a *butter*, that Butter and Oilymargarine are, really, one and the same thing, if not even more so.

It was an invention that made him a millionaire in less than a week; and then he went

down on Wall St., and lost every cent he had in two days. This shows that Jerseymen had better stick to goats, and let bulls and bears alone. They are not accustomed to the habits of these wild animals, and are liable to be "chawed up" at sight.

And now let us glance a moment at the future. Where will Ben Butler be three thousand years hence? Still running for Governor of Massachusetts, I suppose. Men may come and men may go, but Ben Butler will keep on running for governor forever. He is so healthy. He has a way of running as he pleases. Well, that is all right. It amuses him, and does nobody else any good.

Then take the electric light, for instance. Edison will still be inventing patent medicines, and trying to get gold out of "tailings," while the stock holders of the E. L. Co. will be groping around in the dark for their dividends, which they can never find. Well, what of that? It takes time to bring all great enterprises to perfection. Galileo never established the Copernican system till after he had been dead three hundred years.

In all the glorious vista of the dim and distant future, still glowing with the paraphernalia of that brilliant coruscation that gleams from the incandescent and incarnadined—evolution of the—of the—ah— Now suppose Grant should be nominated, what then? Can we not, with joy, recall the days when our pilgrim forefathers first landed on the shores of Cape Cod? Why did they land there? Ah, yes, I ask you, why? It was because they wanted to go ashore and get some salt codfish for dinner. Is it for us to dispute history? Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said—the Chinese must go? Shall we sit idly by and let our glorious country drift back into the iconoclastic perfidiousness of a future generation, when she has nothing left but her—but her—butter—butter Oilymargarine—butter—goat—lard—

If you know of any butter reason than this, speak out—if not, you'd butter not!

The stoic's dead, the epic's slain,
 And Plato lies, with curdled brain,
 A thousand leagues beneath the main;
 And still all nature sings this strain—

Oilymargarine!

Ah, Liberty might shriek in vain,
 And wildly seek to blanch the stain
 That fell upon the State of Maine,
 Were 't not for thee, says Jas. G. Blaine,

Oilymargarine!

Now who, with tortured heart, shall deign
 To wake old echoes up again
 That for a thousand years had lain,
 While we still shout the glad refrain—

Oilymargarine?

As ages wax and ages wane,
 It needs no wizard to explain
 What comes with weal and comes with pain,
 Our spent existence to sustain—

Oilymargarine!

The weight of life, the blight, the bane,
 The fevered struggle after gain,
 The winter's sun, the summer's rain
 May fall, and yet I'll not complain,

Oilymargarine!

When bent o'er cane, with age, I'd fain,
 My youth regain, as down the lane
 I strode amain, to meet my Jane,
 With deep disdain, because I'm plain—
 Attain, contain, maintain, crane, mane,
 Vein, sprain, drain, grain, insane

Oilymargarine!

Yours oilymargarinely,
 EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

PUCK ON WHEELS!

CURRENT COMMENTS.

UNIT RULE—Look out for Number One.

VERY SELDOM 'ROUND—The Square Man.

"THE COMING MAN" (*at the Circus*)—The Man on Horseback.

ARS POLITICA—The Art of Putting Things Where they will Do the Most Good.

NEW SAYING (*Respectfully Referred to the Committee on Saws*)—One Linen Duster does not make a Summer.

ONLY AN AVERAGE SHOWING.—Four new Patents were issued to Thomas A. Edison on Tuesday, and it wasn't a good day for patents, either.

IT is very unhealthy to change your straw hat too soon. Cut this out and paste it on the outside of your black one. You do not wish your friends to confound self-restraint with economy.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER.—Anna Domini, or rather we mean to say Anna Dickinson, reads plays or plays read, one or the other, or both, in Western towns. And the towns deserve it, too—particularly Western towns.

JERSEY "COMBINATIONS."—A favorite combination in New Jersey is said to be Blaine and Washburne.—*Exchange*. And another combination, equally a favorite in New Jersey, is apple-jack and molasses, and is, moreover, more popular as a standing ticket—for tipping Jerseymen.

HIGH OLD NEWSPAPER.—The Levant *Herald* bids fair to become a highly elevated journal in the near by-and-by. It has just been suspended again—making the four thousand-and-fifth time within the past three years. Can any newspaper outside of Constantinople match it in flights or heights?

ON THE DECLINE, PRESIDENTIALLY.—In view of the numberless and oft-repeated assertions of Mr. E. B. Washburne, to the ubiquitous reporter, anent the Presidential question, may be cited, with slight alteration, the Queen's criticism of the player in Hamlet: "Methinks the gentleman doth decline too much"—particularly when no invitation has yet been extended him.

CHINA AND RUSSIA are going to war. We may now expect to have dispatches something after this style:

CHINA WALLEE.

Me meetee heapee Lussian troops; me knockee 'em all into a clockee hattee.

CHING CHOLAR,

Bossee-Genelal.

The corresponding Russian dispatch would be as follows:

CHINAWITCH WALLOWITCH.

The Celestialowitch troopsokoff were lastski Nightovitch knockedimoff higheroski than a kiteovitch.

OILYMARGARINEOVSKI TRAINOILOVITCH,

Major-General and Second Deputy Czar.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Our politicians always swear,
 Just when they've planned their biggest steal,
 The public weal's their greatest care;
 But they've a wheel within that weal.

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Any Newsdealer will take and fill orders for
Back Numbers.

Puck's Exchanges.

SOMETHING wrong in Chicago. Only four
divorces and two murders in one day.—*N. Y.*
Express.

ENGLAND is trying to compete with the
American navy in the matter of men-of-war—
the *Atalanta*, for instance.—*N. Y. Express.*

WHOEVER cut off the lobes of Cadet Whit-
taker's auriculars must have acted on the prin-
ciple that the colored "man wants but little
ear below."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

BETWEEN the City of Glasgow Bank failure
and the Tay Bridge rascality, Scotland is
rapidly losing its reputation for honesty and
trustworthiness.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

A NIAGARA FALLS hackman committed sui-
cide the other day by jumping into the river.
It is not stated whether remorse was the motive
impelling him to the rash act.—*Albany Argus.*

We cannot be too grateful to the Naugatuck
man who has invented a rubber shoe that can
be carried in the pocket. This will obviate
leaving it in the hall for some one to drain his
umbrella in.—*Danbury News.*

COURTNEY's invention, by which he hopes to
beat Hanlan, consists of a pair of spoon oars.
Courtney claims they are his own idea; but a
moment's thought will convince everyone that
Ben Butler is the real inventor.—*Phila. Kronicle-
Herald.*

MR. BRADLAUGH does not believe in God or
the monarchy. He is a sort of mixture of Bob
Ingersoll and Denis Kearney—a little more
illiterate than the former, refined than the lat-
ter, and cynical than either.—*N. Y. Commercial
Advertiser.*

WHY is it when one man calls another a liar
and a scoundrel, the insulted person almost in-
variably asks, "What do you mean, sir?" It
would seem that such language would not re-
quire a map and a diagram to make it clear.—
Philadelphia American.

MRS. SHILLELEH is in despair. Her last ef-
fort in behalf of *le bon ton, une idée poétique*, taken
from Tennyson: "Rosebud Garden of Girls,"
and called a rosebud party, took place last
week. The long *salon* of the Mission residence
was laid down in moss. *Parterres* of effectually
grouped young ladies, costumed to represent
different rosebuds, were presided over by the
hostess, robed as a full-blown *giant de bataille*.
Mon mari alternately coaxed and threatened,
yielded, and stood by *sa femme* to illustrate
practically the French proverb, "*Si je ne suis
pas la rose j'ai vécu près d'elle*." All was pro-
gressing harmoniously when, to her horror, *mon
mari* broke forth with: "D— this flummery.
Let's all take a drink."—*S. F. News-Letter.*

A LADY of Troy attended three hundred
funerals last year. She probably writes letters
to the funeral fashion papers.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*
Her life must be a perpetual rehearsal.—*Even-
ing Bulletin.* What exposure that woman must
have been subjected to; she'll probably die of
coffin.—*Barren Hill Times.* She must be dread-
fully tuckered out. Strengthening prescrip-
tion gratis—Take to her beer.—*Bunglawn Ban-
ner.* If her appetite for funerals don't pall,
she'll undertaker three hundred this year.—
Squadunk Herald. She doubtless plumes herself
as the champion mourner.—*Feathersville Record.*
And possibly has cultivated a good tombs-tone.
—*Musical Review.* Think that belle toll'd a
lie or made a miscount.—*Guth's Truthteller.*
Brethren, the subject is too grave to be so trifled
with. Let's quit.—*Idlewild Mirror.*

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PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

A FAR-REACHING TRADE.

In conversation with a friend the other day it was remarked to us that

FREDERICK BROWN'S CINCER

could be obtained in Japan, China, India, Australia, New Zealand; in Africa, both coasts and Cape Town; in Greece; in every large town in Europe; and we all know it has comforted the suffering from Alaska to Greenland, and from the North Pole, or nearly the North Pole, (for Dr. Kane took it with him as far as he went,) to Panama. The sale is increasing largely in South America.

It does what it is claimed to do, but has never been called a "SPECIFIC."

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JEWELERS.
FINE GOLD & SILVER WATCHES.
DIAMONDS & JEWELS.
Corner 14th Street & 6th Ave.



THE telephone is a hullo! mockery.—*New Haven Register.*

WHEN a man has done me an absolute good turn he kant kross it off from mi books, I don't kare how mean he may be afterwards.—*Josh Billings.*

THE National Butter, Cheese and Egg Association is in session at Indianapolis. It is believed that the body will pass a resolution requesting retail dealers not to supply their butter with wigs.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

He was a man to be noticed anywhere. He had long hair, a full beard, and a fierce look in his dark eyes. He came in and asked to see a Dakota exchange. "I'm just from there," said he. "Ah!" we replied; "It is a lively country, isn't it?" "Lively, young man," he remarked, "is no word for it. Why, it's a land just flowing in gore. When I first went out there, it used to make me sort of sick to see people going about with countenances scarred with knife cuts, and to hear the reports of pistols every little while, but I got used to it." He saw a look of horror and astonishment on our face, and continued: "I tell you, it used to startle me, too, going home at night, to come across the body of a man lying in the street with his throat cut, or to see some fellow swinging from a tree, where the Vigilantes had left him. But I became accustomed to those sights, and even learned to enjoy shedding a little blood myself. Of course, I'm talking of white blood; we didn't count cutting up Injuns as anything. They called me 'Deadshot Dick' out there." At this he drew himself up to his full height and gazed at our awestruck countenance. "You don't know much about the country, I reckon," said he, and we answered: "We lived there two years." "The — you did!" The fierce look melted from his eye. A confused and embarrassed look replaced it. He seemed to grow less tall. Before we could exchange our expression of awe for the smile that had to come, he reached the door; in another instant he had vanished. Late in the day when he told the story to a ten-year-old bootblack, he prefixed it by an inquiry as to whether the lad had ever been in Dakota.—*Boston Post.*

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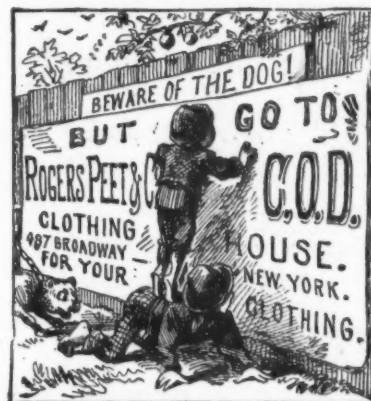
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OILYMARGARINE would often pass for butter were it not for the absence of hair. It's always bald-headed, and that gives it dead away.—*Waterloo Observer.*

THE new foundation of the Washington Monument will be laid in a few weeks, and the erection of the monument will be begun in 1999. It is confidently expected that the work will be completed by 3080.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

A CONSCIENCELESS bride remained at Niagara until her husband's fortune was absorbed by a hackman, and then ran off with the latter. The deserted husband has hired a hack, and hopes in a few weeks to induce her to return.—*Phila. News.*

THE King of Sweden has just published a poetic rendering of the legend of Lohengrin. Sweden has no *Congressional Record*, but the Government pays for the publication of the poem, all the same. It will not surprise us to hear, in the near future, that the King's winter palace has been blown up. The Swedes are a patient people, but they can't stand everything.—*Norristown Herald.*

"ONCE, over these boundless prairies," the sad passenger said, "over these prairies—" "They call them 'prurries' over in Indiana," the fat passenger said. "And down in Illinois," said the cross passenger, "they call them 'pe-rarries.'" "And up in Michigan," the brake-man said, "they call them 'pairs.'" "And down in Kentucky," the man on the woodbox remarked, "they call them 'perars.'" "Well, anyhow," the sad passenger resumed, "once over these plains—" "You said 'prairies' before," said the passenger with the sandy goatee. "Yes, and started a very profound philological discussion by it. Well, once over these verdant prairies—" "The first time," said the cross passenger, "you said 'boundless prairies.'" "Well, then, over these boundless prairies once—" "Only once?" asked the fat passenger. The sad passenger sighed but went on: "Once the painted Indian roamed—" "What for?" croaked the woman who talks bass. And the said passenger went into his shell and said he would tell that story yet if he had to hire a hall to tell it in.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

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CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—inflicting a cargo of public documents from Washington on a Western editor.—*Modern Argo.*

It is said that "all things come to him who will but wait;" but at a hotel table that depends wholly upon the waiter.—*Picayune.*

WHEN you have got through using your puzzles, give them to the poor. We must get rid of the poor some way.—*Danbury News.*

THE reason why women have little or no success at fishing is because but few of them possess nerve enough to hold the worm between their teeth so that they can use both hands in getting the hook out of their back hair.—*Phila. Chronicle-Herald.*

A PORTION of the clergy oppose the bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister. These disciplinarians are possibly of opinion that the man who marries twice, and is afflicted with but one mother-in-law, has more happiness here below than is good for man.—*Toronto Grip.*

SOME man must have viewed these funeral obsequies at Grace Church yesterday with a guilty feeling at his heart.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.* Some proof-reader must have viewed those "funeral obsequies" after the paper went to press with a guilty feeling at his heart.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

"WHY don't he come when the moon is full?" is the first line of a sentimental poem. We can only conceive two substantial reasons why he don't. The first is that probably it is not his desire, and secondly, it is possible that he is in the same condition the moon is.—*Oswego Record.*

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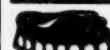
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ARTEMUS WARD ON THE PRESS.

I want the editors to cum to my show free as the flours of May, but I don't want um to ride a free hoss to deth. Thare is times when patience seizes to be virtuous. I hev "in my mind's eye, Hurrashio" (cotashun from Hamlick), sum editors in a sertin town which shall be nameless, who air both sneakin and ornery. They cum in krowds to my show and then ax me ten sents a lines for puffs. I objectid to payin, but they sed ef I didn't down with the dust they'd wipe my show from the face of the earth. They sed the press was the Arkymedian Lever which moves the world. I put up to their extorshuns until they'd bled me so I was a meer shadder, and left in disgust.

It was a surtin town in Virginny, the muther of Presidents & things, that I was shaimfully aboozed by a editor in human form. He set my show up steep & kalled me the urbane & gentlemunly manajer; but when I, for the purpuss of showin fair play all around, went to anuther offiss to git my handbills printed, what duz this pussillanermus editior do but change his toon & abooze me like a Injun. He sed my wax-works was a humbug & kalled me a horey-heded itenerent vagabone. I thort at fust Ide pollish him orf ar-lar the Beneki Boy, but, on reflectin that he cood pollish me much wuss in his paper, I giv it up. & I would here take ocashun to advise peple when they run agin, as they sumtimes will, these miserable papers, to not pay no attenshun to um. Abuv all, don't assault a editior of this kind. It only gives him a notorosity, which is jest what he wants, & don't do you no more good than it wood to jump into enny other mud puddle. Editiors are generally fine men, but there must be black sheep in every flock.—A. Ward, per Cleveland Voice.

PLEASE take notice: "The oldest inhabitant" is never a woman.—*Wheeling Sunday Leader.*

THE Russian Nihilists will never get rid of the Czar prematurely until they get a New York architect to plan him a new Winter Palace.—*Norr. Herald.*

THE people of the United States are respectfully informed that one United States cadet has spoken unofficially to Whittaker. Great deeds should not be hidden under a bushel.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

SINCE the rise in white paper, there has been a marked decrease in the number of new patent outside newspapers started in small villages to fill a long-felt want. There is no thorn without a rose.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Bright Eyes," the Indian maiden, is stopping at the Carrollton. From the casual glance the Town Crier got of her, he thinks she must have been behind the door when good looks were being given out. She would free a ghost at sight.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

WE often wonder why women go on the stage. It cannot be to make a living, for, by authentic calculation, it costs a leading actress just six and four-fifths times her salary to pay for her dresses. It must be for the excuse it offers for unlimited mantua-making and millinery.—*S. F. News-Letter.*

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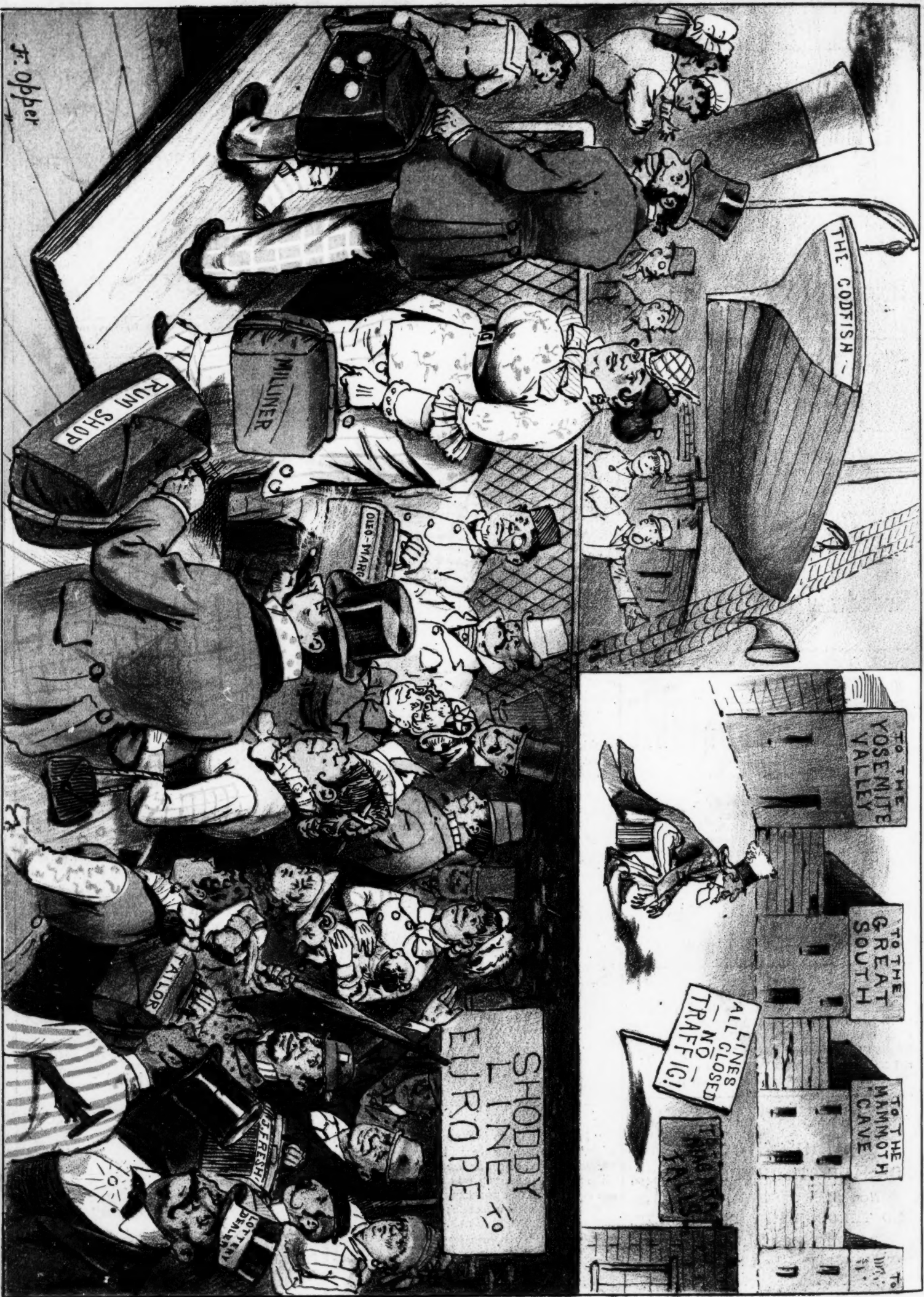
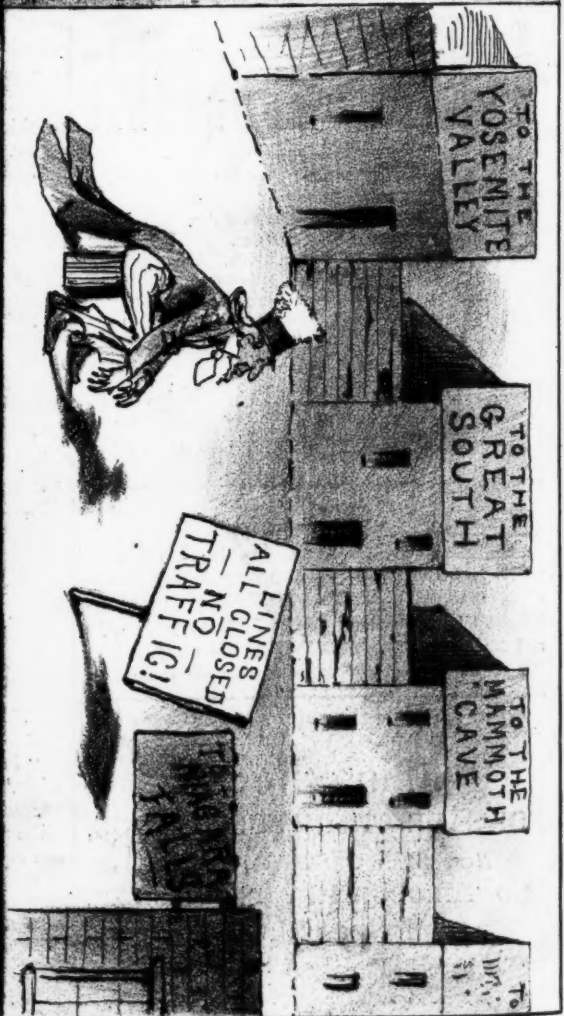
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